A prtie and Mery new Enterlude: called the Disobedient Child. Compyled by Thomas Ingelend late Student in Cambrydge.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, beneath the Conduit by Thomas Colwell.

First Edition.

¶ The players names.

¶ The Prologue speaker.
¶ The Pyebewan.
¶ The Pyebewans sonne.
¶ The Wancooke.
¶ The Womancooke.
¶ The young woman.
¶ The Seruingman.
¶ The Priest.
¶ The Deuyll.
¶ The Herozatoz.

¶ The Prologue speaker.

NOwe forasmuche as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery lande
Vice doth encrease, and Vertue decayes
Iniquitie hauynge the vpper hande.
We therfore intende, good gentle Audience,
A pretie short Interlude, to playe at this present
Desyrynge your leaue and quiet silence
To shewe the same, as is mete and expedient.
The sume wherof, matter and argument,
In two or three verses, briefely to declare,
Synce that it is for an honest intent,
I wyll somewhat bestowe my care.
In the Citie of London, there was a ryche man
Who louynge his sonne moste tenderlye,
Moued hym earnestly now and than,
That he woulde gyue his mynde to studye.
Sayinge that by knowledge, scyence, and learnynge
Is at the last gotten a pleasaunt lyfe:
But throughe the want, and lacke of this thynge
Is purchased pouertie, sorowe, and stryfe.
His Sonne notwithstandynge, this gentle monicion
As one that was cleane deuoyde of grace,
Dyd turne to a mocke, and open derysion
Moste wickedly with an vnshamefast face.
In so muche that contrarye to his fathers wyll
Unto a yonge woman he dyd consente,
Wherby of lust he might haue his fyll,
And maryed the same incontynente.
Not longe after that, the childe began
To feele his wyues great frowardnes,

And called hymselfe vnhappye man,
Oppressed with paynes and heaynes.
Who before that time, dyd lyue blessedly,
Whilst he was vnder his fathers wynge
But nowe beynge weddyd, mournynge and mysery
Dyd hym torment without endynge,
But nowe it is tyme for me to be goynge,
And hence to departe for a certeyne space,
For I do heare the Ryche man cõmynge
With the wanton boye into this place.

¶ Here the Prologue speaker goeth out, and in cõmeth the Ryche man and his sonne.

¶ The Sonne.

FAther I beseche you father, shewe me the waye
What thynge I were best to take in hand,
Wherby this shorte lyfe so spende I maye
That all grefe and trouble, I myght withstande.

¶ The father.

¶ What is the meanynge (my chylde) I the praye
This question to demaunde of me,
For that thynge to do, I am glad alwaye
Which shoulde not be grenous to the.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Warye but therfore, of your counsell I take,
Seynge nowe my Chyldehood, I am cleane past,
That vnto me, ye playnely do make,
What to a yongmans best for to tast.

¶ The Father.

¶ I see nothinge truely my Sonne so mete
And to proue so profytable for the
As vnto the Schole to moue thy feete,
With studious Laddes, there for to be.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What the Schole, naye father, naye,
Go to the Schole is not the best waye.

¶ The father.

¶ Saye what thou lyste, for I can not inuent
A waye more cōmodyous in my Judgement.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is well knowne howe that ye haue loued
Me heretofore at all tymes most tenderlye
But now (me thynke) ye haue playnely shewed
Certayne tokens of hatred,
For if I shoulde go to my Booke after your aduyse
Whiche haue spent my Chyldehood so pleasauntlye,
I maye then seeme dryuen out of Paradyse
To take payne and woe, gryefe and myserye.
All thynges I had rather sustayne and abyde
The busynes of the Schole ones cast asyde,
Therfore thoughe ye crye tyll ye reue asunder
I wyll not meddle with such a matter.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why can not I thee thus much perswade,
For that in my mynde is the best trade.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Whan all is saide and all is done,
Concernynge all thynges both more and lesse
Yet lyke to the Schole none vnder the Sonne
Bryngeth to children so much heauynesse.

¶ The Father.

¶ What though it be paynfull, what though it be greuous,
For so be all thynges at the fyrste learnynge,
yet meruaylous pleasure it bryngeth vnto vs
As a reward for suche paynes taksynge.
Wherfore come of and be of good cheare
And go to thy Bookes without any feare
For a man without knowledge (as I haue read)
Maye well be compared to one that is dead.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No more of the Schole, no more of the Booke
That wofull worke is not for my purpose
For vpon those Bookes I maye not looke,
If so I dyd, my labour I should lose.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why than to me thy fansye expresse
That the Schole matters to the are counted werynesse

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Euen as to a great man, wealthy and ryche
Seruice and bondage is a harde thynge
So to a Boye both dayntie and nyce
Learnynge and studye is greatly displeasynge.

¶ The father.

¶ What my Childe, displeasynge I praye the?
That maketh a man lyue so happyly.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea by my trouthe, suche kynde of wysdome
Is to my hearte I tell you, verye lothesome.

¶ The Father.

¶ What tryall therof hast thou taken
That the Scole of thee is so ill bespoken.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What

¶ What tryall therof woulde ye fayne knowe?
Nothynge more easye then this to showe:
At other boyes handes, I haue it learned,
And that of those truelye most of all other
Which for a certen tyme haue remayned
In the house and pryson of a Scholemayster

¶ The Father.

¶ I dare well saye, that there is no myserye
But rather Joye, pastyme, and pleasure
Alwayes with Scholers kepynge company,
No lyfe to this, I the well assure.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is not true Father which you do saye,
The contrarye therof is proued alwaye.
For as the Brute goeth by many a one,
Their tender bodyes both nyght and daye
Are whypped and scourged, and beate lyke a stone
That from toppe to toe, the skyn is awaye.

¶ The Father.

¶ Is there not (saye they) for them in this case,
Gyuen other whyle for pardone some place?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ None truely none, but that alas, alas
Diseases amonge them do growe apase.
For out of their backe and syde doth stoe,
Of verye goore bloode merueylous abundance,
And yet for all that is not suffered to goe,
Tyll death be almost seene in their countinaunce.
Shoulde I be content then thyther to runne,
Where the bloude from my breeche thus shoulde spuane,
So longe as my wyttes shall be myne owne,
The Scholehouse for me shall stande alone.

¶ The

¶ The father.

¶ But I am ſure that this ſynde of faction
Is not ſhewed to children of honeſt condicion.

¶ The ſonne.

¶ Of trouth with theſe Maiſters is no dyfference
For alyke towardes all, is their wrathe and violence.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne in this poynt, thou art quyte deceyued
And without doubte falſely perſwaded
For it is not to be iudged that any Scholemayſter,
Is of ſo great fierſenes and cruelty
And of ponge Infantes ſo ſore a tormenter
That the breath ſhoulde be about to leaue the bodye.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Father this thynge I coulde not haue beleued
But of late dayes I dyd beholde
An honeſt mannes ſonne thereby buryed
Which throughe many ſtrypes was dead and colde.

¶ The Father.

¶ Peraduenture the Childe of ſome diſeaſe did labour
Which was the cauſe of his Sepulture.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ With no diſeaſe ſurely, was he diſquieted,
As vnto me it was then reported.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that with no ſuch thynge he were infected
What was the cauſe that he departed.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Then ſaye, that of this man, his bloudy mayſter
Who like a Lyon moſt cõmonly frowned,
Beynge hanged vp by the heeles togyther.
Was beaty and buttocke greuouſlye whipped.

And

And last of all(whiche to speake I tremble)
That his head to the wall he had often trusched.

¶ The Father.

¶ Thus to thynke Sonne, thou art begyled verelye,
And I woulde wysshe the to suppose the contrary.
And not for suche tales my counsell to forsake
Which only do couet thre learned to make.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If Demosthenes and Tully were present truely
They coulde not pynt it within my head depely.

¶ The Father.

¶ yet by thy fathers wyll and intercession,
Thou shalt be content that thinge to pardon.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Commaunde what ye lyst, that onely excepted,
And I will by redy puor myande to fulfyll,
But where as I shulde to the Schole haue resorted
My hande to the Palmer submyttynge styll.
I wyll not obey ye therto to be playne,
Thoughe with a thousande strokes I be slayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Wo is me my Sonne, wo is me,
This heauy and dolefull daye to see.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I graunt in dede, I am your Sonne,
But you my Father shall not be,
If that ye wyll cast me into that pryson,
Where tozne in peices ye myght me see.

¶ The Father.

¶ Where I myght see the tozne and rente
O Lozd I coulde not suche a dede inuente.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Naye by the Masse, I holde ye, a grote
Those cruell tyrauntes cut not my throte:
Better it were my selfe dyd sleye,
Then they with the Rodde my flesche shoulde sleye.
Well I woulde we dyd this talke omyt,
For it is lothesome to me euery whyt.

¶ The father.

¶ What trade then (I praye the) shall I deuyse
Wherof thy lyuinge at length maye aryse.
Wilte thou folowe Warfare, and a Souldiour be pointed,
And so amonge Troyans and Rounayes be nombred,

¶ The Sonne.

¶ See ye not maysters my fathers aduyse
Haue ye the lyke at any time harde.
To wyll me therto, he is not wyse
If my yeares and strength be dyd regarde,
ye speake worse and worse, what soeuer ye saye
This maner of life is not a good waye.
For no kynde of office can me please,
Which is subiecte to woundes and strokes alwaies.

¶ The father.

¶ Somwhat to do, it is mete and conuenient,
Wylte thou then gyue thy dylygent endeuoure
To let thy youth vnhonestly be spent
And do as poore knaues, which Iakes do scoure.
For I do not see that any good Arte
Or elis any honest Science, or occupation
Thou wylte be content to haue a parte
After thy fathers wyll and exhortation.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Ha, ha, ha, a labour in verye deede,
God send hym that lyst which standes in neede.

There

There be many fathers that chyldren haue
And yet not make the worst of them a slaue,
Might not you of your selfe be well a shamed
Which wolde haue your sonne thyther constrayned.

¶ The Father.

¶ I woulde not haue the dryuen to that succoure,
Yet for bycause the Scriptures declare,
That he shoulde not eate, which wyll not labourre
Some worke to do it must be thy care.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ father, it is but a folye with you to stryue
But yet notwithstandynge I hope to thryue

¶ The Father.

¶ That this thyne intente maye take good succesle
I praye God hartely of hys goodnes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Well, well, shall I in fewe wordes reherse,
What thinge doth most my Conscience perse

¶ The Father.

¶ Therwith I am Sonne very well contented,

¶ The Sonne.

¶ yea but I thynke that ye wyll not be pleased.

¶ The father.

¶ In dede peradventure it maye so chaunce.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Naye but I praye ye without any perchaunce,
Shall not my request turne to your greuaunce.

¶ The father.

¶ If it be iust and lawfull, which thou doest requyre.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Both iust and lawfull haue ye no feare.

¶ The father.

Nowe therfore aske, what is thy petition.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Loe this it is without further Dilacion,
For so much as all yonge men for this my Beautie,
As the Mone, the starres, I do farre excell,
Therfore out of hande, with all spede possyble,
To haue a wife (me thynke) wolde do well,
For now I am yonge, lyuely, and lustie,
And welcome besydes to all mennes companye.

¶ The Father.

¶ Good Lord, good Lord, what do I here.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Is this your begynnynge to performe my desyre.

¶ The Father.

¶ Alas my chylde, what meaneth thy dotynge
Why doest thou coust thy owne vndoynge:

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I knowe not in the worlde howe to do the thynge
That to his stomacke, maye be delyghtynge.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why foolysh the Ideot, thou goest about a wyfe
Which is a burthen and take all thy lyfe.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Admyt she shall as a burthen with me remayne
yet wyll I take one, if your good wyll I attayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne it shall not be thus by my counsell.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I truste ye wyll not me otherwyse compell.

¶ The Father.

¶ If thou were as wyse, as I haue iudged the
Thou woldest in this case be ruled by me.

¶ The

¶ The Sonne.

¶ To folowe the contrarye I can not be turned
My harte theron is stydily fixed.

¶ The Father.

¶ What I saye, about thine owne distruction:

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Na, no, but about myne owne saluation:
For if I be helped, I swere by the Masse,
It is onely Maryage that bringes it to passe.
It is not the Schole, it is not the Booke,
It is not Science or Occupacion,
It is not to be a Barbour or Cooke
Wherein is now set my consolacion.
And synce it is thus, be father content
For to marye a wyfe, I am full bent.

¶ The Father.

¶ Well if thou wylt not my Sonne, be ruled
But nedes wylt folowe thyne owne foolysshenes,
Take hede hereafter if thou be troubled
At me thou never seeke redresse.
For I am certeyn thou canst not abyde
Any payne at all, grefe, or veracion,
Thy Chyldhood with me so easely dyd slyde
Full of all pastyme and delectacyon.
And if thou woldest folowe the Booke and learnynge,
And with thy selfe also, take a wyse waye:
Then thou mayst get a gentlemans lyuynge
And with many other beare a great swaye.
Besydes this I wolde in time to come
After my power, and small habylytie,
Helpe the and further the as my wysdome,
Shulde me most counsell for thy Commodytie.

And such a wyfe I wouldе prepare for the
As shouldе be vertuous, wise and honest,
And gyue the wyth her after my degree,
Wherby thou mightest alwayes lyue in rest.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I cannot, I tell ye agayne, so much of my lyfe
Consume at my Booke without a wyfe.

¶ The father.

¶ I perceyue therfore, I haue done to well
And shewed ouer much fauoure to the,
That now agaynst me thou doest rebell
And for thyne owne furtheraunce wylt not agree.
Wherfore of my goodes thou gettest not a peny
Nor anye succoure els at my handes
For such a chylde is most vnworthy
To haue any parte of his fathers landes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I do not estéme father your goodes or landes
Or any parte of all your treasure,
For I iudge it ynoughe to be out of handes
And from this daye forward to take my pleasure.

¶ The father.

¶ Well, if it shall chaunce the thy folye to repent
As thou art lyke within short space,
Thynke none but thy selfe worthy to be shent,
Lettynge my counsell to take no place.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ As touchynge that matter, I wyll no man blame
Now farewell father, most hartely for the same.

¶ The father.

¶ Farewell my Sonne, departe in Goddes name.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Reme

¶ Rome I saye rome, let me be gone
My Father if he lyst, shall tarye alone.

¶ Here the Sonne goeth out and the Ryche man taryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Father.

NOwe at the last I do my selfe consyder
Howe great griefe it is and heuynes,
To euery man, that is a Father,
To suffre his chylde to folowe wantonnes,
If I myght lyue a hundred yeares longer
And shoulde haue sonnes and daughters many
yet for this Boyes sake, I wyll not suffer,
One of them all at home with me to tarye,
They shoulde not be kept thus vnder my wynge
And haue all that which they desyre,
For why it is but theyr onely vndoynge
And after the Prouerbe, we put oyle to the fyre.
Wherfore we Parentes must haue a regarde,
Our Chyldren in time for to subdue
Or els we shall haue them euer vntowarde,
yea, spytefull, disdaynfull, nought, and vntrue.
And let vs them thruste alwaye to the Schole
Whereby at their Bookes they maye be kept vnder:
And so we shall shortely their courage coole,
And bringe them to honestie, vertue and Nurture.
But alas nowe a dayes (the more is the pytye)
Science and learnynge is so lytell regarded,
That none of vs all doth muse or studye
To see our chyldren well taught and instructed.
We decke them, we trym them with gorgious araye
We pampre and fede them, and kepe them so gaye
That in the ende of all this, they be our foes.

We

We baſſe them, kylle them, we looke rounde about
We meruaile and wonder to ſee them ſo leaue
We euer anone doe inuent and ſeke out,
To make them goe trickſie, gallaunt, and cleane.
Which is nothyng els, but the very prouokynge
To all vnthryftynes, vice, and Iniquitie,
It pulleth them vp, it is an allurynge
Their fathers and mothers at lengthe to defye.
Which thing myne owne Sonne doth playnely declare,
Whom I alwayes intierly haue loued,
He was ſo my Ioye, he was ſo my care
That now of the ſame I am deſpiſed.
And now he is hence from me departed,
He hath no delyght with me to dwell,
He is not merye, vntyll he be maryed,
He hath of knauerye tooke ſuch a ſmell.
But yet ſeynge that he is my Sonne,
He doth me conſtrayne vtterly to weepe,
I am not (me thynke) well, tyll I be gone
For this place I can no lenger keepe.

¶ Here the Ryche man goeth out and the two Cookes cōmeth in fyrſt the one and then the other.

¶ The Pancooke.

WAke haſt Blaunche Blabbe it out, & come a waye
For we haue ynought to do all this whole daye,
Why Blaunche blabbe it out, wilt thou not come
And knoweſt what buſynes there is to be done
If thou maye be ſet with the pot at thy noſe
Thou careſt not how other matters goes,
Come a waye I ſay to the, and tarye no longer
To truſt to thy helpe, I am much the better.

¶ The

¶ The Maydecooke.

¶ What a Murryn I say, what a noyse doest thou make?
I thynke that thou be not well in the wyttes
I neuer harde man on this sorte to take
With suche angry wordes, and hastie fyttes.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Why dost thou remembre, what is to be bought
For the great Brydale agaynst to morowe?
The market must be in euery place sought
For all kynde of meates, God gyue the sorow.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ What bănyng? what cursynge? Longtong is with the?
I made as muche spede, as I couide possyblye,
Iwys thou mightest haue taryed for me
Untill in all pointes I had ben redye,
I haue for thee looked full oft heretofore,
And yet for all that sayde neuer the more.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Well for this ones, I am with thee content
So that hereafter thou make more hast,
Or els I tell thee, thou wylte it repent,
To loyter so longe, tyll the Market be past.
For there must be bought Byefe, Veale, and Mutton,
And that euen such as is good and fat
With Pigge, Geese, Conyes and Capon,
Howe sayest thou Blaunchblabbe it out vnto that?

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I can not tell Lontonge, what I shoulde saye
Of such good cheare I am so glad:
That if I woulde not eate all that daye
My bealy to fyll, I were verye made.

¶ Mancooke.

There must be also Fesaunte and Swanne
There must be Heronsewe, Partriche and Quayle,
And therfore I must do, what I can,
That of none of all these the Gentelman fayle.
I dare saye he lookes for many thinges more,
To be prepared against to morne,
Wherfore I saye, pence let vs goe,
My feete do stande vpon a thorne.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ Naye good Longtonge, I praye the ones agayne
To here yet of my mynde, a worde or twayne.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Come of then: dispatche, and speake it quickly
For what thynge it is, thou causest me tary.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ Of whence is this Gentelman, ỹ to morowe is maried
Where doth his father and his mother dwelle
Aboue fourty myles he hath trauayled
As yester nyght his Seruaunte dyd tell.

Mancooke.

¶ In verye dede, he comines a great waye,
With my Mayster he maye not longe abyde,
It hath cost hym so muche on costly araye,
That Money out of his purse apase doth slyde.
They saye that his frendes be ryche and wealthy
And in the Cytie of London haue their dwellynge,
But yet of them all he hath no peny,
To spende and bestowe here at his weddynge.
And if it be true that his Seruaunte dyd saye
He hath vtterly lost his kyndes good wyll
Bycause he wolde not their counsayle obaye,
And in his owne Countrey tarye styll.

As for this woman, which thee shall marye
At Sainct Albones alwayes, hath spent her lyfe
I thynke she be a shrew, I tell thee playnely,
And full of debate, malyce and stryfe.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ Thoughe I never sawe this woman before
Whiche hither with him this Gentelman brought,
yet neuertheles I haue tokens in store,
To iudge of a woman that is frowarde and nought.
The typ of her nose, is as sharpe as myne
Her tonge and her tune is very shryll
I warraunt her, she commes of an vngracius kyn,
And loueth to much her pleasure and wyll,
What thoughe she be now so neate and so nyce,
And speaketh as gentle as euer I hearde:
yet yongmen which be both wyttie and wyse,
Such lookes, and such wordes, shulde not regarde.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Blaunchblabbe it out, thou sayest verye true
I thinke thou beginnest at length to preache
This thynge to me is straunge and new,
To heare such a foole yongmen to teache.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ A foole mine owne Longtong, why calst thou me foole
Thoughe nowe in the kytchyn I waste the daye,
yet in tymes paste I went to Schoole,
And of my laten Hymner I tooke allaye.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Maysters thys woman dyd take such allaye,
And then in those dayes so applyed her booke,
That one worde therof, she carryed not awaye,
But then of a Scholer was made a Cooke.

I dare saye she knoweth not, howe her Primer began,
Which of her mayster she learned than.

Waydecooke.

I trowe it began with Domine labia aperies.

Wancooke.

What dyd it begyn with butterde peeas?

Waydecooke.

I tell the agayne, with Domine labia aperies,
If nowe to heare, it be thyne ease.

Wancooke.

How, how, with my Madame laye in the peeas?
I thynke thou art mad with Domine labia aperies.

Wancooke.

Yea mary, I iudged it went such wayes,
It began with Dozithe laye vp the keyes.

Waydecooke.

Naye then God night, I perceyue by thys geare,
That none is so deafe, as who wyll not heare,
I spake as playnely, as I conlde deuise,
yet me vnderstande, thou canst in no wyse.

Wancooke.

Why yet ones agayne, and I wyll better lysten
And looke vpon the, howe thy lyppes do open.

Waydecooke.

Well marke then, and harken ones for all:
Or els heare it agayne thou neuer shall,
My Booke I saye, began with Domine labia aperies.

Wancooke.

Fye, fye, howe slowe am I of vnderstandynge?
Was it all this whyle, Domine labia aperies?
Belyke I haue lost my sense of hearynge,

With broylynge and burnynge in the kytchyn adyes.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I promylle the thou semest to haue done lytell better
For that I wote in my lyfe I neuer sawe,
One lyke to thy selfe, in so easye a matter.
Unlesse he were deafe, thus playe the Dawe.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Come on, come on, we haue almost forgotten
Such plentie of victualles as we shulde bye
It were almes by my trothe, thou were well beaten
Bycause so longe thou hast made me tarye.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Tusche tusche, we shall come in very good season,
If so be thou goest as fast as I,
Take vp thy basket and quickely haue done
We wyll be both there by and by.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ I for my parte wyll neuer leaue runnynge
Untyll that I come to the Signe of the [illegible]tynge.

¶ Here the two Cookes runne out and in commeth the Yongman and the Yongwoman his Louer.

¶ The yongwoman.

Where is my sweetynge, whom I do seeke
He promysed me to haue mette me here
Tyll I speake with him, I thinke it a weeke
For he is my Joye, he is my chere.
There is no night, there is no daye
But that my thoughtes be all of hym
I haue no delyght if he be awaye,
Such toyes in my heade do euerswym.

But beholde at the last, where he doth come
For whom my harte desyred longe,
Now shall I know all an some,
Or els I woulde saye, I had great wronge

¶ The yongman.

¶ My darlynge, my Conye, my Byrde so bryght of blee,
Sweete hart I saye, all haylee to thee
How do our Loues, be they fast a sleepe
Or the olde lyuelynes, do to they styll keepe.

¶ The yongewoman.

¶ Do ye aske and my Loue be fast a sleepe
O if a womon maye vtter her mynde,
My loue had almost made me to weepe
Bycause that euen now I dyd not you fynde
I thought it surely a whole hundred yere,
Tyll in this place I sawe you here.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Alacke, alacke, I am sorye for this,
I had such busines I myght not come
But ye maye perceyue what my wyt is,
How small regarde I haue and wisdome.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ Wheras ye aske me concernynge my loue
I well assure you, it doth dayly augment:
Nothynge can make me starte or moue
You onely to loue is myne intent.

¶ The yongman.

¶ And as for my loue doth neuer relente,
For of you I do dreame, of you I do thynke:
To dynner and supper, I neuer went,
But of Beere and Wyne to you I dyd drinke.

Now

Now of such thynges therfore to make an ende
Which pytyfull louers do cruelly torment.
To Maryage in Godds name, let vs discende
Is vnto this houre we haue bene bente.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ your wyll to accomplysshe I am as redye,
As any woman, beleue me truelye.

¶ The yongman.

¶ This Ryage then I gyue you as a token sure,
Wherby our loue shall alwayes endure.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ With a pure pyetence your pledge I take gladly
For a Signe of your loue, fayth and fydelytie.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Nowe I am sad, nowe I am glad,
Nowe I do lyue, nowe I do raigne:
Me thought tyll now I was to sad,
Wherfore sadnes flye hence agayne.
I waye with those wordes which my father brought out
I waye with his faigenes and exhortacion
He coulde not make me his foole or his lowte,
And put me besydes this delectacion.
Dyd he iudge that I would go to the Schoole,
And might my tyme spende after this sorte?
I am not his Calfe, nor yet his foole,
This Virgin I kysse, is my comforte.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ Well than I praye you let vs be maryed
For me thynke from it we haue longe tarryed.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Agreed my Sweetynge, it shalbe then done,
Synce that thy good wyll I haue goten and wone.

¶ The

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ There wolde this daye be very good cheare
That euery one his bealy maye fyll,
And thre or foure Mynstrelles wolde be here
That none in the house syt idle or styll.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Take ye no thought for abundaunce of meate
That shoulde be spent at our Brydale,
For there shalbe ynought for all men to eate
And Mynstrelles besydes therto shall not fayle.
The Cookes I dare saye, a good whyle a gone
With such kynde of fleesche as I dyd them sell
Are from the market both come home
Or els my owne Conye they do not well.
I knewe before that I come to this place
We shoulde be maryed togyther thys daye
Which caused me then forthwith in this case
To sende for victualles or I came awaye.

¶ The yongwoman.

Wher fore then (I praye ye) shall we go to our Inne,
And looke that euery thinge be made redye,
Or els all is not worth a Brasse pynne,
Such hast is requyred in matrymonye.

¶ The yongman.

¶ I thinke sixe a clocke it is, not much passed
But yet to the preest we wyll make hast
That accordynge to custome we maye be both coupled
And with a stronge knot for euer bounde fast.
yet ere I departe, some songe I wyll synge,
To the intent to declare my Joye without feare
And in the meane tyme you maye my swetynge,
Rest your selfe in this lytell chayre.

¶ The

¶ The Songe.

SPyte of his spyte, which that in vayne.
Doth seeke to force my fantasye,
I am profest for losse or gayne,
To be thyne owne assuredlye:
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ Although my father of busye wytte,
Doth babble styll, I care not tho,
I haue no feare, nor yet wyll flytte,
As doth the water to and fro,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurue,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ For I am set and wyll not swerue,
Whom spytefull speache remoueth nought
And synce that I thy grace deserue,
I count it is not derely bought,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll neuer turne.

¶ Who is afrayde. let yon hym flye,
For I shall well abyde the bruntе:
Maugre to hys lyppes that lysteth to lye
Of busye braynes as is the wonte.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ Who lysteth therat to laughe or loure
I am not he that ought doth retche
There is no payne that hath the power,
Out of my brest your loue to fetche,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turue.

¶ For whereas he moued me to the Schoole,
And onely to followe my Booke and learnenynge:
He coulde neuer make me such a foole,
With all his softe woordes, and fayre speakynge.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ This Wynion here, this mynceing Trull,
Doth please me more a thousande folde:
Then all the earthe that is so full,
Of precious stones, Syluer and Golde.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ What soeuer I dyd, it was for her sak
It was for her loue, and onely pleasure,
I counte it no labour, such labour to take,
In gettynge to me so hyghe a treasure.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll neuer turne.

¶ This daye I intended for to be merry,
Although my harde Father be farre hence.
I knowe no cause for to be heuye,
For all this coste and great expence.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ How lyke ye this songe, my owne swete Rose,
Is it well made for our purpose?

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ I neuer harde in all my lyfe a better,
More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter.
Now let vs go then, the mornynge is nye gone
We can not any longer here remaine:

Farewell

Farewell good Maisters euerychone,
Tyll from the Churche we come agayne.

¶ Here they go out, and in commeth the Priest alone.

Syrs, by my trouthe it is a woylde to see,
The excedynge negligence of euery one,
Euen from the hyest to the lowest degree,
Both goodnes and conscience is cleane gone.
There is a yonge gentelman in this towne,
Who this same daye now must be maryed:
yet thoughe I woulde bestowe a Crowne,
That knaue the Clarke can not be spyed.
For he is safe if that in the Alehouse,
He maye syt typlyng of Nutbrowne Ale:
That oft he commes foorth as dronke as Mouse,
With a nose of his owne not greatly pale,
And this is not once, but euery daye,
Almost of my faith, throughe out the whole yeare,
That he these trickes doth vse to playe,
Without all shame, dreade and feare.
He knoweth him selfe that yester nyghte,
The sayde yonge gentelman came to me,
And then desyred, that he myght
This morynge betymes maryed be.
But now I doubte it wyll be hye noone,
Ere that this busynes be quite ended:
Unlesse the knauysshe foole come very soone,
That this same thinge maye be dispatched,
And therfore synce that this noughty packe,
Hath at this present me thus serued.

He is like hence forwarde my good wyll to lacke
Or els vnwyse I myght be iudged.
I am taught hereafter, howe such a one to trust,
In any matter concernynge the Churche,
For if I shulde, I perceyue that I must,
Of myne owne honestie loose verye much.
And yet for all this, from weeke to weeke,
For his stypende and wages he neuer cryeth,
And for the same contynually doth seeke,
As from tyme to tyme playnely appeareth,
But whyther his wages he hath deserued,
Vnto you all I do me reporte,
Since that his duetie he hath not fulfylled,
Nor to the Churche wyll scant resorte.
That many a tyme and oft, I am fayne
To playe the Priest, Clarke, and all
Thoughe thus to do, it is great payne,
And my rewarde but very small,
Wherfore (God wyllynge) I wyll such order take,
Before that I be many dayes elder,
That he shalbe glad this towne to forsake
And learne euermore to please his better.
And in such wyse all they shall be vsed,
Which in this parysshe entende to be Clarkes,
Great pytie it were, the Churche shoulde be disordered
By cause that such Swylbowles do not their warkes,
And to saye trueth, in many a place,
And other great tolones besyde this same,
The Priestes and Parishioners be in the lyke case,
Which to the Churchwardens move be a shame.
How shulde the Priest his office fulfyll,
Accordyngly as in dede he ought.

When

When that the Clarke wyll haue a selfe wyll
And alwayes in Seruice tyme must be sought:
Notwithstandynge at this present there is no remedy
But to take tyme, as it doth fall,
Wherfore I wyll go hence and make me ready
For it helpeth not to chafe or brall.

Here the Preest goeth out,
and in commethe the rych man.

¶ The Ryche man.

Lommynge this daye forth of my Chambre,
Euen as for water to washe I dyd call,
By chaunce I espyed a certayne straunger,
Standynge beneath within my Hall.
Who in very deede came from the Inholder
Wheras for a tyme my Sonne dyd lye,
And sayde that his mayster had sent me a letter.
And bade hym to bryng it with all spede possyblye.
Wherin he did write that as this daye
That vnthrifte my Sonne to a certein Mayde,
Shoulde then be wedded, without further delaye,
And hath borowed more than wyll be payde.
And synce that he harde, he was my Sonne,
By a Gentelman or two, this other daye:
He thought that it shoulde be very well done,
To let me haue knowledge therof by the waye.
And wylled me if that I woulde any thynge
Of hym to be done of me in this matter:
That then he his Seruaunt such wayde shulde bryng
As at his commynge he might do hereafter.
I bade hym thanke his Mayster most hartelye
And sent hym, by hym a peece of Venison:

For that he vouchesaued to wryte so gentely,
Touchynge the maryng and state of my Sonne,
But notwithstandynge I sent hym no Money,
To paye such Dettes as my Sonne dyd owe,
Because he had me forsaken vtterly,
And mee for his good Father wolde not knowe,
And sayde that with hym I woulde not make,
From that daye forwarde, durynge my life
But as he had brewed, that so he shulde bake,
Space of hys owne choosynge, he gat him a wife.
Thus whan his Seruaunte from me departed
Into my Chambre I went agayne,
And there a great whyle I bitterly weeped,
This newes to me was so great payne:
And thus with these wordes I began to mone,
Lamentynge and mourninge my selfe all alone.
O madnes, O dotynge of those yonge folke
O myndes without wytte, aduyse, and discretion,
With whom their parentes can beare no stroke
In their first Matrimoniall coniunction
They knowe not what myserye griefe and vnquietnes
Wyll hereafter ensue, of their extreme foolyshenes,
Of all such labores, they be cleane ignorant,
Which in the nourysshynge and keppynge of Chyldren
To their great charges, it is conuenient
Either of them hencefoorth to sustayne:
Conceruynge expences bestowed in a howse
They perceyue as lytell as doth the Mowse.
On the one syde, the wyfe wyll brall and scolde,
On the other side the Infant wyll crye in the Cradell:
Anone when the Chylde wareth somwhat olde,
For meate and drynke, he begynnes to babbell.

Herevpon

Herevpon commeth it, that at markettes and fayres
A Husbande is forced to bye many wares.
Yet for all this hath my foolysshe Sonne
As wyse a Wodcocke, without any wytte,
Despysynge his Fathers mynde and opynion,
Maryed a wyfe for hym most vnfytte,
Supposynge that myrth to be euerlastynge,
Which then at the fyrste was greatly pleasynge.
How they two wyll lyue, I can not tell,
Wherto they maye trust, they haue nothynge
My mynde gyueth me, that they wyll come dwell,
At length by their father for wante of lyuinge,
But my Sonne doubtles, for any thynge that I know:
Shall reape in such wyse as he dyd sowe,
True he shall fynde, that Hipponactes dyd wryte
Who sayde with a wyfe are two dayes of pleasure
The first is the ioye of the Maryage daye and nyght
The seconde to be at the wyfes Sepulture:
And this by experience he shall proue true,
That of his Brydale great euylles do ensue.
And (as I suppose,) it wyll proue in his lafe,
When he shall wysshe that to him it maye chaunce,
Which vnto Eupolis and also his wife,
The nyght they were wedded, fell for a vengeaunce
Who with the heuy ruyne of the Bedde were stayne,
As the Poet Ouid in these two Verses makes playne.

¶ Si tibi coniugii nox prima, nouissima vite,
Eupolis, hoc periit, & noua nupta modo.

Ouidius wrytinge agaynst one Ibis his enemye
That the fyrst night of his Maryage dyd wysshe
The last of his lyfe myght be certenly.
For so (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife perysshe.

yet to my Soone I praye God to sende
Because therbato me Nature doth bynde:
Thoughe he hath offended, a better ende,
Then Cupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge hyther,
Unto the which my Sonne is gone,
To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
But I am fastynge, and it is almost noone
And moze than tyme that I had dyned:
Wherfoze from hence I wyll go soone,
I thynke by this tyme, my meate is burned.

¶Here the Ryche man goeth out, and in cõmeth the yongman his sonne with the yongwoman, beynge both maryed.

¶The Husbande.

My sweete wyfe, my pretye Conye.

¶The Wyfe.

O my Husbande, as pleasaunte as Honnye.

¶The Husbande.

O Lozde wath pleasures and great commodytie,
Are heaped togyther in Matrimonye.

¶The Wyfe.

Howe vehement, howe stronge a thynge loue is.
Howe many smyzkes, and dulsome kysses.

¶The Husbande.

What smylynge, what laughynge
What spozte, pastyme, and playenge.

¶The Wyfe.

What ticklynge: what toyinge,
What dalyenge, what ioyenge.

¶The

¶ The Husbande.

¶ The man with the wyfe is wholly delyghted
And with many causes to laughter enforced.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ When they two drynke, they drynke togyther
They neuer eate, but one wyth another.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes to their Garden forth they walke
And into the fyeldes somtymes they go,
With mery trickes, and gestures they talke
As they do moue their feete to and fro.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Somtymes they ryde into the Countrey
Passynge the tyme wyth mirth and sporte,
And when with their frendes, they haue ben merye:
Home to their owne house they do resorte.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes abrode they go, to see playes,
And other trym syghtes, for to beholde:
When often they meete in the hye wayes
Muche of their aquaintaunce they knewe of olde.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Sometymes to the Churche, they do repayre
To here the Sermon that shalbe made:
Thoughe it to remembre, they haue small care,
For why they be now, but fewe of that trade.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes at home, at cardes they playe
Somtymes at this game somtymes at that
They nede not with sadnes to passe the daye
Nor yet to syt styll, or stande in one plat.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ And as for vs wyues, occasions do moue,
Sometymes with our Gossyppes to make good cheare
Or els we dyd not, as dyd vs behoue,
For certayne daies and weekes in the yeare.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I thynke that a man might spende a whole daye
Declarynge the Ioyes, and endles blys:
Which maryed persones receyue alwaye,
If they loue faythfullye, as meete it is.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wyues can not choose, but loue earnestlye
If that their Husbandes do all thynges well
Or eles my sweete harte, we shall espye,
That in quietnes they can not dwell.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ If they do not, it maye be a shame
For I loue you hartely I you assure:
Or els I were truely greatly to blame
ye are so louynge, so kynde, and demure.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I trust that with neither hande or foote,
ye shall see any occasion by mee:
But that I loue you euen from the harte roote
And durynge my lyfe so intende to be,

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Who then inerye Maryage can discõmende
And wyll not with Aristotis in his Ethickes agree?
But wyll saye, that myserye is the ende
When otherwyse I fynde it to be:
A polytique man wyll marye a wyfe
As the Philosopher makes declaration,
Not onely to haue chyldren by his lyfe,
But also for kyupnge, helpe, & sustentacion.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Who wyll not with Herocles playnely confeſſe,
That Mankynde to Societie is wholly adioynyng:
And in this Societie neuertheleſſe:
Of worthy Wedlocke tooke the begynnynge.
Without the which, no Cytie can ſtande
Nor Houſholde be perfecte in any lande.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Pythagoras, Socrates, and Crates alſo
Whiche truely were men of very ſmall Subſtaunce
As I harde my father tell longe ago,
Dyd take them wyfes with a ſafe conſcience:
And dwelled togyther, ſuppoſynge that they
Were vnto Philoſophy, nother ſtoppe nor ſtaye.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Yea what can be more accordynge to kynde
Then a man to a woman hym ſelfe to bynde.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Awaye with thoſe therfore that Mariage deſpyſe
And of daungers therof inuent many lyes.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But what is he that commeth yonder,
Do ye not thinke it is our man.
Somewhat there is that he hafteth hyther,
For he makes aſmuche ſpeed as he can.

¶ Here the Seruaunte of the Ryche mannes Sonne cõmeth in, with an errande to his Mayſter.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Mayſter there is a Straunger at home
He wolde very fayne with you talke:

for vntyll that to hym you do come
forth of the doores he wyll not walke.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Come on then my wyfe, if it be so,
Let vs departe hence for a season:
For I am not well tyll I do knowe
Of that manners commynge the very reason.

¶ Here they both go out, and their
Seruaunt doth tary behind alone.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Let them go bothe, and do what they wyll
And with communicacion fyll their bealy:
For I by Sainct George wyll tary here styll,
In all my lyfe I was neuer so werye.
I haue this daye fylled so many Pottes
With all maner wyne, Ale, and Beere:
That I wyshed their bealyes full of Bottes
Longe of whom was made suche cheare.
What kyndes of meate, both flesshe and fysshe
Haue I pooze knaue to the table catyed:
From tyme to tyme dysshe after dysshe,
My legges from goynge neuer ceased.
What runnynge had I for Apples and Nuttes:
What callyng for Bisketes, Cumfettes and Caroweies:
A vengeaunce sayde I, lyght on their guttes
That makes me to turne so many wayes.
What cryinge was there for Cardes and Dice:
What roystynge, what rusflynge made they within:
I counted them all not greatly wyse.
For my head dyd almost ake with dyn.

What

What babiyng, what iangiynge was in the house:
What quaffyng, what bybbyng with many a Cuppe:
That some laye alonge as dronke as a Mouse
Not able so much as their heades to holde vp.
What daunsynge, what leappyng, what iumppyng about
From benches to benche, and stoole to stoole:
That I wondered their braynes dyd not fall out
When they so out ragiously playde the foole.
What iugiyng was there vpon the boordes:
What thrustyng of knyues throughe many a nose
What bearinge of formes: what holdinge of Swordes:
And puttynge of Botkyns throughe legge and hose:
yet for all that they called for drynche,
And sayde that they coulde not playe for drye
That many at me dyd nodde and wynke
Bycause I shoulde bringe it by and by,
How so euer they spoyled the pot dyd styll walke
If that were awaye, then all was lost:
For euer anone the Jugge was their talke,
They paste not who bare such charge and coste.
Therfore let hym looke his Purse be ryght good,
That it may discharge all that is spente,
Or els it wyll make hys haere growe through his hood
There was suche hauocke made at this present,
But I am afearde my maister be angrye
That I dyd abyde thus longe behynde:
yet for his angre I passe not greatly,
His wordes they be but onely wynde,
Now that I haue rested so longe in this place
Homewarde agayne. I wyll hye me apase.

¶ Here the Seruaunte goeth out, and in cõmeth fyrst the Wyfe, and shortely after the Husbande.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

Where is my Husbande, was he not here?
I mervayle much whyther he is gone
Than I perceyue I am much the nere,
But loe, where he commeth hyther alone.
Wot ye what Husband, from daye to daye,
With dayntye dysshes, our bodyes haue bene fylled:
What meate to morowe nexte shall we assaye?
Wherby we may then be both refreshed.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Do ye nowe prouyde and gyue a regarde
For Victualles hereafter to be prepared.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But that I knowe Husbande, it lyeth vs in hande
Of thynges to come to haue a consyderacion
I would not ones wyll you to vnderstande
Aboute such busynes my carefull prouision:
It is nedefull therfore to worke we make hast
That to get both our lyuynges we may knowe the cast.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ To trouble me nowe, and make me vered,
This mischieuous meane hast thou inuented.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What trouble for thee? what synde of vexacion?
Haue I to disquiet thee, caused at this present?
My onely mynde is, thou make expedycion
To seke for our profyte as is conuenient.
Wherfore to thee I saye ones agayne,
Bycause to take paynes thou art so lothe,
By Christ it were best, with might and mayne,
To fall to some worke, I sweare a great othe.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ yet

¶ yet for a tyme, if it maye thee please
Let me be quit, and take myne ease.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wilt thou haue vs then throughe hungre be starued:

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I woulde not we shulde for hungre be killed.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Then I saye then, this geare go about,
And looke that thou labour diligently:
Or els thou shalt shortly proue without doubt,
Thy sluggyshnes wyll not please me greatly.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Begynnest thou euen now to be paynefull & greuous
And to thy Husbande, a woman so troublous?

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What wordes haue we here, thou misbegotten,
Is there not alredy ynoughe to the spoken?

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O myrth, O Ioye, O pastyme and pleasure,
How lyttell a space, do you endure?

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I see my cõmaundement can take no place,
Thou shalt abye therfore, I sweare by the Masse.

¶ Here the Wyfe must stryke her Husbande handesomlye aboute the shoulders with some thyng.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Alas good wyfe, good wyfe, alas, alas,
Stryke not so harde, I praye thee hartelye,
What soeuer thou wylte haue brought to passe
It shalbe done with all spede possyblye.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Laye theſe faggottes man vpon thy ſhoulder
And carye thys wood from ſtreete to ſtrete:
To ſell the ſame, that we both togyther,
Our lyuynge may get, as is moſt mete.
Hence Idiot hence, without moze delaye
What meaneſt thou thus, to ſtagger and ſtaye?

¶ The Hvſbande.

¶ O Lozde what howe myſerable men be thoſe
Whiche to their wyfes as wzetches be wedded
And haue them contynually their moztall foes
Seruynge them thus, as Slaues that be byzed.
Nowe by experience true I do fynde,
Whiche oftentymes vnto me heretofoze
My father dyd ſaye, declarynge his mynde
That in Matrymonie was payne euermoze,
What ſhall I do moſt pityfull Creature?
Juſte cauſe I haue alas to lament:
That frantike woman my death wyll pzocure
If ſo be this daye without gayne be ſpent
Foz vnleſſe foz my wood ſom Money be taken
Lyke a dogge, with a Cudgell I ſhalbe beaten.
Ho thou good felowe which ſtandeſt ſo nye
Of theſe heauy bundelles eaſe my ſoze backe:
And ſomewhat therfoze gyue me by and by
Oz els I dye, foz Syluer I do lacke.
Nowe that I haue ſome Monye receyued
Foz this my burden home I wyll go:
And leſt that my wyfe be diſcontented,
What I haue take, I wyll her ſhowe.
Wyfe I am come, I went a longe waye
And here is the pzofyte, and gaynes of this daye.

¶ Thi

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why thou Lowte, thou foole, thou horſon falke,
Is this thy wood money, thou peuiſche Dolte?
Thou ſhalt ſmart for this geare, I make God a vowe
Thou knoweſt no woze to ſell wood, then doth the ſowe.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ By Goddes precious I wyll not vnwyſely ſuffre
To do as I haue done, any longer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why doeſt thou ryſe againſt me Villayne?
Take hede I ſcrache not out thy eyes twayne.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Scratche and thou dare, for I haue a knyfe,
Perchaunce I wyll ryd the of thy lyfe.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Slaye me with thy knyfe, thou ſhytten Dallarde?
Doeſt thou thinke to fynde me ſuche a Dillarde?
By Coxe bones I wyll make thy ſkyn to rattell,
And the braynes in thy Scull woze depely to ſattell.

¶ Here the wyfe muſt laye on
lode vppon her Huſbande.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Good wyfe be content, forgeue my this faulte
I wyll neuer agayne do that which is naught.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Go to foolyſche Calfe, go to, and vpryſe,
And put vp thy knyfe, I the aduiſe.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ I wyll do your cõmaundementes what ſoeuer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Hence awaye then, and fyll this with water.

¶ The Husbande.

O mercyfull God, in what lamentable state
Is he, of whom the wyfe is the maysier?
Wolde God I had bene predestinate,
On my Maryage daye, to haue dyed wyth a Feuer.
O wretched creature, what maye I do?
My grieuous wyfe shall I returne vnto?
Lo wyfe beholde without further delaye
The water ye sent for, here I do brynge.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What I saye? what meaneth this weepynge?
What ayleth the to make all this cryinge?

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I weepe not forsothe, nor crye not as yet.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ No, nor thou wilte not, if thou haste any wyt,
It is not thy weepynge, that can ought auayle,
And therfore this matter no longer bewayle.
Come of I saye, and runne to the Ryuer
And wasshe these clothes in the water.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Wyfe I wyll thyther hye me faste.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ yet I aduyse the, thou Cullyon make hast.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O howe vnhappye and eke vnfortunate
Is the moste parte of maryed mennes condycion?
I woulde to death I had bene agate
When my Mother in bearynge me made lamentacion.
What shall I do? whyther shall I turne,
Most carefull man nowe vnder the Skye?
In the flamynge fyre, I had rather burne,

Then

Then with extreme payne, lyue so heauylye,
There is no shyfte, to my wyfe I must go
Whom that I dyd wed, I am full wo.
Where are ye wyfe, your clothes are washte cleane
As whyte as a lylly without spot or steyne.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Thou thefe, thou caytyfe, why is not this place,
Washed as fayre as all the rest,
Thou shalt for this geare now smoke apase
By gys I sweare, thou bruttysshe Beaste.

¶ Here thee must knocke her Husbande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Alas, alas, I am almost quyte dead,
My wyfe so pytyfully hath broken my head.

¶ Here her Husbande must lye alonge on the grounde as though hee were sore beaten and wounded.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Well I perceyue, the tyme wyll away
And into the Countrey to go I haue promysed
Looke therfore thou go not from hence to dayes
Tyll home agayne I am returned.
Take hede I saye, this House thee retayne,
And styrre not for any thynge out of my doore:
Untill that I come hyther agayne,
As thou wylte be rewarded therfore.

¶ Here his Wyfe goeth out, and the Husbande taryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ The flynge and fiende go with my wyfe
And to her Journey ill maye she speede:
I prayе God almighty to shorten her lyfe
The earth at no tyme doth beare suche a weede.
Althoughe that I be a Gentelman borne
And come by my Auncetours of a good blood,
yet am I lyke to weare a Cote torne
And hither and thither go carye wood.
But rather then I this lyfe wyll abyde
To morowe morynge I do intende,
Home to my father agayne to ryde,
If some man to me his Horse wyll lende.
She is to her Gossypes gone to make mery,
And there she wyll be for three or foure dayes:
She cares not thoughe I do nowe miscarye
And suffre such payne and sorowe alwayes.
She leaueth to me neyther Breade nor drynke
But such as I iugde no bodye woulde eate:
I myght by the walles lye dead and stynke
For any great holsomnes in my meate.
She walketh abrode, and taketh her pleasure
Her selfe to cherysshe is all her care:
She passeth not what griefe I endure,
Or howe I can lyue with noughty fare:
And synce it is so, without further delayes
To my father to morowe I wyll awaye.

¶ Here he goeth out, and
inꝯmeth the Deuyll.

¶ Satan

¶ Satan the Deuyll.

HO,ho,ho, what a felowe am I
Geue rowme I saye both moze and lesse:
My strength and power hence to the Skye
No earthly tonge can well expresse.
Oh what inuentions, craftes and wiles,
Is there conteyned within this heade
I knowe that he is within fewe myles
Which of the same is thzoughly sped.
Oh, it was all my studye daye and nyght
Cõnyngly to bzynge this matter to passe:
In all the earth, there is no wighte
But I can make to crye alas.
This man and wyfe, that not longe agoe
Fell in this place togyther by the eares:
It was onely I that this stryfe dyd sowe
And haue bene aboute it certayne yeares.
Foz after that I had taken a swell:
Of their good wyll and feruent loue,
My thought I shulde not tary in hell
But vnto debate them shoztely moue,
Oh it was I that made hym to despyse
All wisdome, goodnes, vertue and learnynge
That he afterwarde coulde in no wise
Ones in his harte fancie teachynge.
Oh it was I, that made hym refuse
The holsome monytion of his father dere
And caused hym styll of a wyfe to muse
As thoughe she shoulde be his ioye and chere.
Oh it was I, that made hym goe hence,
And suppose that his father was verye vnkynde,
It was I, that dyd dzyue hym to such expence,

And made hym as bare, as an Ape is behynde.
And nowe that I haue this busynes ended
And ioyned hym and his wife together:
I thynke that I haue my part well played,
None of you all woide do it better.
Ho, ho, ho, this well fauoured heade of wyne
What thynge soeuer it hath in hande:
Is neuer troubled with Ale or Wyne,
Neyther by Sea, nor yet by lande.
I tell you I am a meruaylous bodye,
As any is at this daye lyuynge:
My head doth deuyse ecbe thynge so tryuly,
That all men maye wonder of the endynge,
Oh I haue such fetches, such toyes in this head
Such crafty deuyses, and subtyll trayne:
That whom so euer of you I do wed,
ye are lyke at my handes to take small gayne.
There is no gentelman, knyght, or Lorde:
There is no Duke, Earle, or kynge:
But if I lyst, I can with one worde,
Shortly sende vnto their lodgynge.
Some I disquiet with Coueitousnes,
Some with wrath, pryde and lecherye,
And some I do thruste into suche distresse
That he feeleth onely payne and myserye.
Some I allure to haue theire delyght
Alwayes in Glotonye, Enuye and murdre:
And those thynges to practise with all theyr might
Either by lande, or els by water.
Ho, ho, ho, there is none to be compared,
To me I tell you, in any poynte:
With a great sorte my selfe I haue tryed,

That boldly ventured many a ioynt.
And when for a longe tyme we had wrestled
And shewed our strength on eyther syde,
yet often tymes a fall they receyued,
When throughe my Polycye their feete dyd slyde.
Wherfore (my dere children) I warne ye all,
Take hede, take hede of my temptacion:
For cõmenly at the last ye haue the fall
And also brought to Desperacion.
Oh it is a folye for many to stryue
And thynke of me to get the vpper hande:
For vnlesse that God make them to thryue
They can not agaynst me sticke or stande.
And thoughe that God on hye haue his domynion
And ruleth the worlde euery where:
yet by your leaue, I haue a porcion,
Of this same earth that standeth here.
The kyngdome of God is aboue in Heauen
And myne is I tell you beneth in Hell:
But yet a greater place if he had delt euen
He shulde haue gyuen me and myne to dwell,
For to my Palace of euery Nation
Of what degree or birth so euer they be.
Come runnynge in with such festination,
That other whyles they amased me,
Oh all the Iewes, and all the Turkes,
yea and a great parte of Christendome
When they haue done my wyll, and my worckes
In the ende they flye hither all and some.
There is no minute of the daye
There is no minute of the nyghte:
But that in my Palace there is alwaye

Crowdynge

Crowdynge togither a meruaylous sighte,
They come on thicker, then swarmes of Bees,
And make such a noyse and cryinge out:
That many a one lyeth on his knees,
With thousandes kept vnder, and closed about
Not so much as my parlours, halles, and euery chamber
My Porches, my galeryes, and my courte:
My entryes, my kytchyn, and my Larder,
But with all maner people be fylled throughout.
What shall I saye more, I can not tell,
But of this (my chyldren) I am certayne,
There comes more in one houre vnto Hell,
Then vnto Heauen, in a moneth or twayne.
And yet for all this, my Nature is such
That I am not pleased with this company,
But out of my kyngdome I must walke muche
That one or other I maye take tardye,
Ho, ho, ho, I am neuer ones afrayde
With these my Clawes you for to touche,
For I wyll not leaue tyll you be payde,
Suche treasure, as is within my Pouche.
The worlde is my Sonne, and I ame his Father
And also the flesshe, is a doughter of myne
It is I alone, that taught them to gather,
Both Golde and Syluer that is so fyne.
Wherfore I suppose that they loue me well
And my Cōmaundementes gladly obaye,
That at the last then vnto Hell,
They maye come all the redy waye.
But now (I knowe) synce I came hither
There is such a multitude at my gate,

Tha

¶ That I must agayne repayre downe thyther
After myne olde maner and rate.

¶ Here the Deuyll goeth out, and in
cõmeth the Rychmans Sonne alone.

¶ The Sonne.

HOwe glad am I, that my iourney is ended,
Which I was about this whole daye:
:: :: My Horse to stande styll I neuer suffred,
Because I woulde come to the ende of my waye.
But yet I am sorye that I can not fynde,
My louynge Father at home at hys place:
That vnto hym I maye breake my mynde,
And let hym knowe my myserable case.

¶ Here he confesseth his naughtynes
vttring the same with a pitifull voice.

¶ I haue ben wylde, I haue ben wanton,
I haue euer folowed my fancye and wyll:
I haue ben to my Father a frowarde Sonne
And from daye to daye contynued styll.
I haue alwayes proudlye dysdayned those
That in my madnes gaue me good counsell
I counted them most my mortall foes,
And stowtely agaynst them dyd rebell.
The thynge that was good, I greatly hated
As one which lacked both wytte and reason,
The thyng that was euyll I euer loued
Which now I see is my confusyon.
I coulde not abyde of the Schole to heare
Maysters and teachers my harte abhorred,

We thought the Booke was not fyt geare,
For my tendeer fyngers to haue handled,
I counted it a pleasure to be daintely fed
And to be clothed in costly arraye:
I woulde most cõmonly slugge in my bed,
Untyll it were verye farre forth daye.
And to be shorte, anone after thys,
Ther came such fansies in my brayne:
That to haue a wyfe whom I might kysse
I reckened to be the greatest gaine.
But yet alas I was quyte deceyued
The thynge it selfe doth easely appeare:
I woulde alas I had ben buryed,
When to my father, I gaue not eare.
That which I had, I haue cleane spent,
And kept so much ryot with the same:
That now I am fayne, a Cote that is rent
Alas to weare for verye shame.
I haue not a crosse lefte in my purse,
To helpe my selfe nowe in my nede:
That well I am worthye of Goddes curse,
And of my father to haue small mede.

¶ Here the Ryche man must be as it were cõmynge in.

But excepte myne eyes do me beguyle,
That man is my father, whom I do see:
And now that he cõmes, without crafte or wyle,
To hym I wyll bende on eyther knee.
Ah father, father, my father most dere,

¶ The father.

¶ Ah myne owne chylde, with the what chere

¶ The Sone.

¶ All such sayinges as in my mynde,

At the fyrst tyme ye studied to sattell,
Most true alas, I do them synde,
As thoughe they were writtẽ in the Gospell.

¶ The Father.

¶ Those wordes my Sonne, I haue almost forgotten,
Stande vp therfore, and kneele no longer:
And what it was I spake so often,
At two or three wordes, recyte to thy Father.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If that ye be Father well remembred
As the same I beleue ye can not forget:
you sayde that so soone as I were maryed,
Much payne and trouble therby I shoulde get.

¶ The Father.

¶ Haste thou by proofe sonne, this thynge tryede

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea, alas to much I haue experyenced:
My wyfe, I dyd wed, all full of frensye,
My selfe poore shoulders, hath now so brused,
That lyke to a Creple, I moue me weakly,
Beynge full often with the staffe thwacked:
She spareth no more my flesshe and bone,
Than if my bodye were made of Stone,
Her wyll, her mynde, and her Cõmaundement,
From that daye hyther, I haue fulfylled:
Which if I dyd not, I was bytterly shent,
And with many strokes grieuously punysshed:
That woulde God the houre when I was maryed,
In the midste of the Church I might haue synked.
I thynke ther is no man vnder the Sonne
That here on the earth beareth lyke:
Which wolde do such drudgerye, as I haue done,

At the vnkynde wordes of suche a wyfe,
For howe I was vsed, and in what wyse
I daye to declare wyll not suffyse.
yf this be not true, as I haue spoken
To my good neyghbours I me reporte,
Who other whyles when I was smytten
My wyfe to be gentle, dyd then exhorte:
For glad I was to abyde all labours
Wherby the lesse might be my doloure.
Wherfore good father I you humblye desyre
To haue pitye of me and some compassion.
Or els I am lyke to lye fast in the myre,
Without any succoure or consolation:
For at this houre I haue not a peny,
My selfe to helpe in this great myserye.

The father.

For so muche as by my aduyse and counsell
In no maner wyse thou woldest be ruled:
Therfore to the I can not do well.
But let the styll suffre, as thou haste deserued
For that thou hast suffred, is yet nothynge
To that tribulation which is behynde cõmynge.

The Sonne.

Alas father, what shall I do.
My wyttes of them selues can not deuyse,
What thynge I were best to goe vnto,
Wherof an honest lyuynge maye aryse:
Wherfore gentle father in this distresse,
Somewhat aswage myne heuynes.

The father.

What shoulde I do I can not tell,
For now that thou hast taken a wyfe

With me thy father thou mayst not dwell,
But alwayes with her spende thy lyfe.
Thou mayst not agayne thy wyfe forsake,
Which durynge lyfe to the thou dydst take.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Alas I am not able thus to endure
Thoughe therunto I were neuer so wyllynge:
For my wyfe is of such a crooked nature
Is no woman els, is this daye lyuynge,
And if the verye trueth I shall confesse
She is to me an euyll that is endlesse.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that thou thinkest thy selfe alone
Onely to leade this yrkesome lyfe.
Thou maiest learne what griefe, sorowe and mone,
Socrates had with Xantippa his wyfe.
Her Husbande full ofte she tawnted and checked
And as the Booke sayth vnhonestly mocked.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I can not tell, what was Socrates wyfe
But myne I do knowe alas to well,
She is one that is euermore full of stryfe
And of all Scolders beareth the Bell.
When she speaketh best, then brawleth her tonge
When she is styll she syghteth apace:
She is an yll Wyfe thoughe she be yonge,
No mirth with her, no ioye or solace.

¶ The Father.

¶ I can not my Sonne thy state redresse,
Be thy Father thou dydst refuse:
Wherfore now helpe thy owne foolyshenes,
And of thy wyfe no longer muse.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ My wyfe went forth nl to the Countrey
With certayne Gollyppes to make good chere,
And bad me at home ſtyll to be,
That at her returne, ſhe might fynde me there:
And if that ſhe do take me from houne,
My bones alas ſhee wyll make to crackell:
And me her Huſbande as a ſtarke mome,
With knockyng and mockyuge ſhe wyll handell.
And therfore if I maye not here remayne,
yet louynge Father, geue me your rewarde,
That I may with ſpeede ride haue againe,
That to my wyfes wordes, haue ſome regarde.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that at the fyrſt thou woldeſt haue bene ordered.
And done as thy Father counſayled the:
So wretched a lyfe had neuer chaunced
Wherof at this preſent thou complayneſt to me.
But yet come on, to my houſe wee wyll be goynge
And ther thou ſhalt ſee, what I wyll gyue:
A lytell to helpe thy nedyelyuynge:
Synce that in ſuch penurye thou doſt lyue,
And that once done, thou muſt hence agayne
For I am not he, that wyll the retayne.

¶ Here the Ryche man and his Sonne go out, and in cõmeth the Perorator.

¶ The Peroratoan.

¶ The

¶ The Perorator out.

This Interlude here good gentle audience,
Which presently before you we haue played:
:: :: Was set forth with such care and diligence,
As by vs truely might well be shewed.
Shorte it is I denye not, and full of brittle
But if ye marke therof the matter,
Then choose ye can not, but see playnely
How payne and pleasure be knyt togyther.
By this lytell playe, the Father is taught,
After what maner his Childe to vse:
Least that throughe cockerynge at length he be brought
His Fathers Cõmaundement to refuse,
Here ye maye learne a wyttie lesson,
Betymes to correcte his Sonne beynge tender:
And not let hym be lost and vndone.
With wantonnes of mischiefe the Mother.
For as longe as the twygge is gentell and pliant
(Euery man knoweth this by experience:)
With small force and strength it maye be bent
Puttynge therto but lytell dylygence.
But after that it waxeth somewhat bigger
And to cast his braunches largely begynneth,
It is scant the might of all thy power,
That one bowghe therof, easely bendeth,
This twygge to a childe maye well be applyed
Which in his childehoode, and age of Infancie:
With small correction maye be amended,
Embracynge the whole with harte and bodie.
Who afterwarde with ouer much lybertye,
And rangynge abrode with the Brydell of wyll.

Despyseth

Despyseth all vertue, learnynge and honestye,
And also his Fathers mynde to fullfyll.
Wherby at the length it so falleth out
That this the yonge Stryplynge after that daye:
Runnes into confusyon without any doubte
And lyke for euermore quyte to decaye.
Wherfore take hede all ye that be parentes
And folowe a parte after my counsell,
Instructe your Chyldren and make them studentes
That vnto all goodnes they do not rebell
Remember what writeth Salomon the wyse,
Qui parcit Virgae, odith filium.
¶ Therfore for asmuche as ye can deuyse
Spare not the Rodde, but folowe wisdome.
Further ye yonge men and Chyldren also
Lysten to me and harken a whyle,
What in fewe wordes for you I wyll showe,
Without any flatterye, fraude, or guyle.
This Richemans Sonne whome we dyd set foorth,
Here euidently before your eyes:
Was (as it chaunced) nothinge worth,
Gyuen to all noughtynes, vyce, and lyes.
The cause wherof was this for a trueth
His tyme fullidlely he dyd spende,
And woulde not studye in his youth,
Which might haue brought him to a good ende.
His Fathers cōmaundement he wolde not obaye,
But wantonly folowed his fantasye:
For nothynge that he coulde do or saye,
Woulde brynge this Chylde to honestie.
And at the last (as here ye myght see:)
Upon a wyle he fixed his mynde,

Thynkynge

Thynkynge the same to be felicitie,
When in dede myserye came behynde.
For by this wyfe he carefully lyued,
Who vnder his Father did want nothinge:
And in suche sorte was hereby tormented
That euer a none, he went lamentynge.
His Father dyd wyll him lyghtnes to leaue
And onely to gyue him selfe vnto studye:
But yet vnto vertue he would not cleaue,
Which is cõmodious for soule and bodye.
you heard that by Sentences auncient and olde
He styred his Sonne as he best thought:
But he as an vnthryfte stowte and bolde,
His holsome counsell dyd set at nought.
And synce that he despysed his Father
God vnto hym dyd sodeynly then sende:
Such pouertie with a wyfe, and griefe togyther
That shame and sorowes was his ende.
Wherfore to conclude, I warne you all
By your louynge parentes, alwayes be ruled:
Or els be well assured of suche a fall,
As vnto this younguan worthely chanced.
Worshyp God daply, whiche is the chiefe thynge
And his holy lawes do not offende:
Looke that ye truely serue the kynge,
And all your faultes be glad to amende.
Moreouer, be true of hande and tonge,
And learne to do all thynges that be honest,
For no tyme so fytte, as when ye be yonge,
Bycause that age onely is the aptest.
I haue no more, to speake at this season,
For verye good wyll these thynges I dyd saye:

Bycause I do see that vertue is geason,
With most men and chyldren, at this daye.

¶ Here the rest of the Players come in and kneele downe all togyther, ech of them sayinge one of these Verses.

And last of all, to make an ende,
O God to the we most humblye praye:
That to Queene Elizabeth thou do sende
Thy lyuely pathe, and perfecte waye,
Graunte her in health to raygne.
With vs many yeares most prospereuslye:
And after this lyfe for to attayne,
The eternall blysse, Joye, and felycytie.
Our Bysshoppes, pastoures, and Mynisters also
The true vnderstandynge of thy worde,
Both nyght and daye, nowe mercyfully showe,
That their lyfe and preachynge maye godly accorde,
The Lordes of the Counsell, and the Nobylytie,
Most heauenly Father, we thee desyre:
With grace, wisdome, and godly polycie,
Their hartes and myndes, alwayes inspyre.
And that we thy people duelye consyderynge
The power of our Queene and great auctorytie,
Maye please thee and serue her without fayanynge,
Lyuynge in peace, rest, and tranquilytie.

¶ God saue the Queene.

¶ A Songe.

Why doth the worlde studye vaynglory to attayne
The prosperytye wherof is shorte and transitory
Whose mighty power, doth fall downe agayne,
Lyke earthen pottes, that breaketh sodaynly.
¶ Beleue rather wordes that be wrytten in Ice
Then the wretched world with his subtylytie:
Disceytfull in Giftes, men onelie to entyce,
Destytute of all sure credence and fydelytie.
¶ Gyue credyt more to men of true Judgementes
Then to the worldly renowne and ioyes:
Replenysched with dreames and vayne intentes,
Aboundynge in wicked and noughtye toyes.
¶ Where is now Salomon, in wisdome so excellent?
Where is now Sampson, in battell so stronge?
Where is now Absolon in Beautie resplendent?
Where is now good Jonathas hyd so longe?
¶ Where is now Cesar in victorye tryumphynge?
Where is now Dives, in dissches so dayntie?
Where is now Tully in Eloquence excedynge?
Where is now Aristotle, learned so depely?
¶ What Emperours, kyngs, and Dukes in times past?
What Earles and Lordes, and Captaynes of warre?
What Popes and Byschoppes, all at the last,
In the twynckynge of an eye are fled so farre?
¶ Howe shorte a Feaste is this worldly ioyenge?
Euen as a shadowe it passeth awaye,
Deprynynge a man of Gyftes euerlastynge
Leadynge to darkedes and not to daye.

¶ O

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With most men and chyldren, at this daye.

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Then to the worldly renowne and toyes:
Replenysched with dreames and vayne intentes,
Aboundynge in wicked and naughtye toyes.
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Where is now Absolon in Beautie resplendent:
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Euen as a shadowe it passeth awaye,
Deprivynge a man of Gyftes euerlastynge
Leadynge to darknes and not to daye.

¶ D

¶O meate of wormes, O heape of duste,
O lyke to dewe clyme not to hye:
To lyue to morowe, thou canst not truste,
Therfore now betyme helpe the nedye
¶The fleshely Beautie, wherat thou doest wondre,
In holy Scripture is lykened to Haye:
And as a Leafe in a stormye weather,
So is mannes lyfe blowen cleane a waye,
¶Calle nothynge thyne that maye be lost,
The worlde doth gyue and take agayne:
But set thy mynde on the holy Ghoste,
Despyse the worlde that is so vayne.

¶Finis.

S. Iohn Euangelist.